

The Intelligent Traveller;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued.)

MY heart palpitated with such a variety of emotions, that when the servant opened the door of the carriage, my agitation became so violent, that I actually could not speak, and my knees trembled so excessively that I could scarcely support my tottering frame.

I followed the doctor into the hall, where he was met by Louisa; who, with angelic sweetness, said, "thank heaven! doctor Percival, my beloved father is relieved; for in less than an hour after the last medicine, he fell into, and still remains, in a composed sleep."

"Thank heaven!" I repeated in fervent accent; Louisa started at the well known voice; for the broad shoulders of the doctor had overshadowed my person, yet I thought she received me with a mixture of displeasure and disdain. I briefly recounted my accidental meeting with the physician; and as briefly related the various causes by which my visit had been delayed, to all which, Miss Middleton listened with such a chilling air of indifference, that I could not help wishing myself a hundred miles from the place. Yet, as dejection was painted on her once animated features, and as melancholy might be said to have marked her for its own, I began to indulge the hope that those symptoms which I had construed into displeasure, were merely produced by apprehension for the author of her birth: requesting I would excuse her for a few moments, she intreated doctor P——to accompany her into the adjoining room, where I could distinctly hear her implore that able physician to exert his skill; though her voice was rendered tremulous by the violence of her agitation.

Whilst reflecting upon the doubtful fate of the man on whom my future happiness in great measure depended, the door opened, and Miss Eliza C——entered the room, the chosen friend of my adored Louisa, whose name was mentioned in a former part of my tour, as the young lady to whom Butler felt an ardent attachment, though I alarmed myself by supposing Miss Middleton the object of his regard. A mixture of joy and sadness marked her features as she approached me; "your visit was unexpected," said, she "but truly kind. Oh, Mr.——, how will my beloved Louisa support a stroke for which I know she is unprepared? or how shall we all bear to lose a being, so universally respected and admired?"

As the amiable and artless girl made this appeal to my feelings, she burst into a flood of tears; but hearing the door of the room open, in which the physician and her friend had been conversing, she hastily put her finger before her lips, and stooping down, pretended to be looking for something upon the stand of the piano-forte. Though the doctor, upon re-enter-

ing the library, informed us his patient still continued in a calm sleep, there was a gravity in his countenance which convinced me he did not think it a favourable symptom, and anxious to become acquainted with the real sentiments he entertained, I walked towards the window, admired the beauty of the garden, and in a tone of indifference, invited the doctor to stroll into it.

An expressive shake of the head was the only reply I received to the interesting inquiry, on which the happiness of the being I adored, so much depended: "but my dear sir," said I, "do you not consider the comfortable sleep your patient is now enjoying as a favourable omen?" "On the contrary," replied Doctor Percival; "for when sudden ease so rapidly succeeds acute torture, we have reason to apprehend mortification."

A summons from Miss Middleton put a stop to our conversation; the doctor obeyed it without delay. I intreated him to apprise the invalid of my arrival, and request permission for me to inquire after his health. I found it necessary to remain a short time in the garden, to conceal those traces of sympathy and sorrow which the doctor's intelligence had produced; and on re-entering the library, perceived a stranger, who had just alighted from his horse.

"I am in time, sir, I hope?" said he, in a tone of eager inquiry, "it is a great pity a man so punctual as Mr. Middleton in all concerns of business, should have delayed the important one of making his will; but, upon my soul it seems as if people fancy that we gentlemen of the robe, carry death in our pockets, ready to seize them the moment they have settled their worldly affairs."

The self-approving smile with which this witty remark was uttered, united to the unfeeling manner of the speaker, excited such a mixture of contempt and resentment in my bosom, that had I made any reply I should certainly have affronted him; and a summons from Mr. Middleton arriving at the same moment, I quitted the apartment without the civility due to a gentleman.

Upon entering the sick-room, what a scene presented itself! The apparently dying Mr. Middleton, was supported by pillows upright in his bed, whilst his amiable and lovely daughter was kneeling by the side of it, and pressing his hand to her palpitating breast. A transient smile of joy illumined his pallid countenance as he stretched towards me the unpressed hand. "You are arrived at an unfortunate moment, but not the less welcome," said he, in a tender, yet tremulous accent. I respectfully took the proffered mark of welcome and cordiality, and, in spite of my endeavours to restrain my feelings, perceived a tear had dropped upon it; and never to be forgotten is the look he cast upon me as with an indelible air of tenderness, he raised it to his lips.

Never had my manhood been put to such a trial; I, in vain, endeavoured to speak, but the words expired upon my tongue; and I was compelled to walk to the window to conceal

my agitation from Miss Middleton. The pious resignation which was depicted in the sufferer's countenance, convinced me that he was perfectly aware of his situation. What a moment was this for the declaration of a passion which had long glowed with an ardour indelible!

By an expressive glance towards Doctor Percival, I attracted him to the spot where I stood; "Is there no hope?" I enquired in a whisper. The appalling reply was, "None." Summoning my fortitude, I again approached the bed of sickness, and expressed my satisfaction at perceiving him free from pain: "I came, my dear sir," I continued, "not only for the pleasure of seeing you, and your charming daughter, but to consult you upon a business of infinite moment."

"Time, my dear young friend, to me is very precious," replied Mr. Middleton: "and I momentarily expect a gentleman from B——to arrive; but if my advice can be of any service to you, command it; for though our acquaintance has been short, you possess a large portion of my esteem." As this exalted man made this declaration, I caught a glimpse of the weeping Louisa's azure eyes, which though downcast, were directed towards me with such a look of ineffable sweetness, that, had I followed the impulse of my impassioned feelings, I should have thrown myself at her feet.

"My beloved girl," said the affectionate father, "have you offered Doctor Percival any refreshment? drawing her tenderly towards him as he made the inquiry, and impressing upon her alabaster forehead a paternal kiss. The angelic creature returned this mark of tenderness, whilst big drops of fear and affection fell from her expressive eyes; then turning to me, she begged me not to suffer her father to exhaust himself, by conversing too much.

"A monosyllable, my dear Miss Middleton," I replied, thrown off my guard by the intreaty; "is all the exertion I shall request your honoured father to make, for on that will depend my future happiness or misery; nay more, the very prolongation of my life. The blushing Louisa hastily quitted the apartment, when seating myself by the side of the invalid's bed, I endeavoured to find words to disclose the purity of that passion, which had so long taken possession of my heart. He listened to me with a complacency that seemed to authorise my sanguine wishes; and when I paused, informed me, that after my sudden departure, my friend Butler had made him acquainted with the situation of my heart; adding, that my long absence and total silence had astonished him, and given him reason to suppose some new object had obtained my tenderness and regard.

"I am aware of my situation," continued the resigned sufferer: "aware that my adored Louisa's happiness must in a few hours be placed in other hands: and the blessing of a dying father be upon the head of him who sustains and cherishes her—whether it is you, or any other man!" The feelings of a parent so completely conquered the fortitude of manhood, that here

the pious and resigned Christian burst into a flood of tears; and the variety of emotions which at that moment overwhelmed me, rendered me, for a short period, unable to speak. Recovering myself, I dropped on my knees before him, and raising my eyes towards the throne of grace, I clasped his burning hand between mine, and called upon the Almighty to witness the solemn vow which I then made. In the most sacred manner I implored the great Creator of the universe to heap blessings upon me, in proportion to the tenderness with which I cherished my beloved Louisa: and even went so far as to imprecate the divine displeasure, if ever I proved unworthy of her regard.

"Hear me!" said the amiable Mr. Middleton, in a more elevated tone than he had hitherto articulated; "You have vowed, my young friend, to support and cherish an object which may never be committed to your protection; for though I have reason to believe my Louisa's heart once felt a preference towards you, it might merely be the effect of that studious attention you paid her, whilst under my roof; but your having absented yourself for so long a period, at a moment when you had empowered Butler to paint, in the most glowing colours, the full extent of your regard, I am well aware, has lessened you in her opinion, and may have produced a revolution in her sentiments."

"I have," continued the nearly exhausted sufferer, "taken infinite pains to become acquainted with the most minute circumstances of your life; and confess, that report speaks so favourably of your character, that, in committing my child to your protection, I should die in peace—but that beloved child must be the arbitress of her own destiny—in an engagement so sacred as that of marriage, a parent can only advise; particularly to a being so capable of judging as my Louisa, and on whom nature has endowed with such an intelligent turn of mind."

"Then am I to lose this precious prize merely from having fulfilled the duties of humanity, and endeavoured to secure a fortune, which would add to the comfort, and even procure your Louisa the elegancies of life? for heaven, who knows the human heart, knows that it was not for any selfish gratification that I was desirous of recovering the property bequeathed by my deceased aunt."

(To be continued).

THE OLD COQUETTE.

A Tale, translated from the French of M. Imbert.

By E. T.

MADAME D'ELMON was once a celebrated beauty, and had in her youthful days made many brilliant conquests; coquetry and beauty are generally found to inhabit the same mansion; but it frequently happens, that the former keeps possession long after the latter has deserted the tenement. Thus it was with Madam D'Elmon, her personal charms existed no longer but in the memory of her friends, and her own imagination; she, however, retained the same pretensions: and though she no longer received the same homage from the other sex, she attributed it rather to their want of gallantry, than her own deficiency in point of attraction. Madam D'Elmon had a daughter, who was exactly what her mother had been: her complexion blended all the lovely tints of the lily, the carnation, and the rose; her fine

blue eyes penetrated the heart, and her beautiful long eye-lashes shaded their brilliancy from impertinent observation, and rendered them less destructive, though not less fascinating.

Cecelia, on quitting the convent in which she was educated, to enter the gay world, dreamed not of love; but the gallant Chevalier D'Ervilly taught her heart its first fluttering sensation. D'Ervilly had all the timidity of a sincere and delicate admirer; he did not seek to inspire her with vanity, by flattering adulation, but endeavoured to win her regard by respectful attention and silent assiduity; and, in the hope of rendering himself agreeable to her mother, directed all his homage to that quarter. Madame D'Elmon was too much elated with the distinction to perceive the true motive of his assiduity; she conceived him a new captive in her chains, and she carried her folly to such a height, that D'Ervilly found himself most awkwardly situated: he no sooner discovered her weak side, than he saw the danger of deceiving her, and was well convinced that her vanity, if once mortified, would prove his greatest enemy. In this perplexity he wrote to a friend, of whose good sense and many excellent qualities he had experienced several agreeable proofs. Mons. D'Emicourt was a person of rather singular character, shrewd and penetrating, frank and benevolent, and of sufficient consequence in the world to render his opinions respected, and his society courted. He promised D'Ervilly that he would manage the affair for him, and he kept his word: for this purpose he solicited an interview of Madame D'Elmon, which was granted; he then, without hesitation, requested her permission for his young friend to address the beautiful Cecelia. Madame D'Elmon, with much affected embarrassment, begged to undeceive him, assuring him that it was not Cecelia but herself to whom the chevalier was desirous of paying his devoirs. It was in vain D'Emicourt persisted in his assertion; he found it so difficult to overcome her self-love, that he was provoked to absolute rudeness. "Good God! madam," cried M. D'Emicourt, "on what can you have founded such an absurd idea? For what should my youthful friend love you? he cannot even remember your former attractions."—"Possibly, sir," replied the piqued Madame D'Elmon, "your friend may perceive charms which you have not taste to appreciate; indeed I may, without vanity, assert, that my features are still as attractive as ever. Come, criticise them, if you please," and she put on one of her most languishing looks: "My eyes, for instance, what think you of them?"—"They are large, but they have no expression."—"Oh, you wretch! what is it you say? Why the Count D'Ermine, that Paris among goddesses, has sworn a thousand times, that he never saw such expressive eyes in all his life; but no matter, my nose—what, say you now?"—"Your nose; 'tis too sharp."—"For mercy's sake, hold your tongue; M. de Marbeuf has made it the subject of a sonnet, which all the world admires. Well then, my mouth?"—"Passable, when your teeth were perfect."—"Oh the brute! why the very same gentleman, who makes verses like an angel, has declared in the most sublime language, that Cupid sports in my lips as in the leaves of a rose. And then, my shape?"—"I am no poet, madam, I prefer plain truth."—"I care not what you prefer, sir; but every one says I have a form like one of the graces."

(To be continued.)

ON FANCY.

FANCY is a faculty of the mind, whereby it forms ideas of things communicated to it by the outward senses. The female sex are more addicted to fancy than the men. They show it in various cases, in their dress, in their entertainments, and indeed in every thing they perform. It has been generally observed, that whatever be their education, their fancy is peculiar to themselves.

But how different are the fancies of mankind! The rude soldier and the calm shepherd give sufficient proof that we all differ in inclinations. Did not the wise Creator of the universe form us with different propensities? Had we all the same dispositions, we should fall into an insipid weariness; our eyes would roll round and round for something which is new and entertaining. Were we all, for instance, inspired with the ambition of the soldier, thirsting for what is called glory, peace would be banished from the earth. We should then live in a state of endless hostility. But the insipid calmness of the shepherd is almost as exceptionable. In such a case no men of genius would enlighten the world with their genial rays, but all nature would sink into a state of stupidity and ignorance.

But with a mixture of different inclinations we all entertain ourselves. Fancy, in a degree, is certainly to be desired; but an excess of it would prove whimsical and extravagant. A little fancy in dress gives a pleasing appearance to the man of merit. Poetry also would grow wearisome without the infusion of fancy. To recount the deeds of some great warrior is not sufficient. Fancy must lend its decorations in order to embellish the tale. Indeed its influence is universal, and its reign without end.

(Communicated.)

EXPRESSION OF COMPASSION, AT A CARD TABLE.

—SO, Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption: she was no more than seventeen, a sweet girl! Alas is she dead! Poor thing! *What's Trumps?*

The man is dead my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of the well behind the house; and which he fell into. Is he? I thought he could not recover! *Play a Spade, Ma'am.*

Capt. —, is now reduced to such poverty that I am told it would be charity to send him a joint of meat. That's hard—I have not a Heart indeed *ma'am.*

He, I am told, fell on his head and has been delirious ever since; and the Physicians have no hopes that he will recover his reason. Oh I recollect he rode against somebody—*Play a Spade, sir, if you please.*

The prospect of the poor at present is dreadful indeed: there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.—Yes, but one gives so much in charity—I'll bet you a dollar on the best club.

Pray Ma'am have you heard of the dreadful accident that befel Mrs. —? What! her son drowned! Oh yes—*You are eight.*

George! Madam, George I am sorry to say put an end to his life last Tuesday. You don't say so—I had two honors in my own hand—Yes, and as misfortunes never come alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction. Dear me that—*single, double, and the rub.*

(Exit counting their money.)

Variety.

REMARKABLE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

IN the Memoirs of the Count de Maurepas, published not long ago, we find an account of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the PRINCE of BOURBON. He once imagined himself to be an hare, and would suffer no bell to be rung on his palace, lest the noise should drive him to the woods. At another time, he fancied himself to be a plant, and as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards thought he was dead, and refused nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and MARSHAL LUXEMBURG: (both deceased) and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with MARSHAL TURENNE, also deceased. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made an hearty meal. While his disorder had this turn, he always dined in the cellar with some noble GHOST. We are also informed, that this strange malady did not incapacitate him for business, especially when his interest was concerned.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CANARY BIRDS.

AS many take great delight in those little creatures, it may not be deemed superfluous to offer a few words on the care and management of them; since, independent of the pleasure afforded by their harmony, humanity must plead for the helpless prisoners, deprived of their natural enjoyments, and suggest the necessity of those attentions, which alone can preserve their lives, and solace them in confinement. In the winter, particular care should be taken to protect them from the inclemency of the weather; their cages should be cleaned less frequently than in summer, and the gravel properly dried before it is put in. Some saffron should be put in their water, and occasionally they should be allowed a little warm milk. Now and then a small quantity of maw-seed, and some hard egg, chopped fine; all green meat must be carefully kept from them. Their common food should be rape and canary seed, with a few grains of hemp.

ON THE GENEALOGY OF CERTAIN NAMES.

A dispute having taken place between a man of the name of *More*, and another of the name of *Thompson*, which of the two could claim the most honourable genealogy. *More* asserted that all the names ending in *son* were originally of illegitimate births, and attempted to prove it from the following circumstance. He observed that at a certain time, there having been a number of bastard children presented to the parson for baptism, the mothers, to conceal the surnames of the father's, informed him, (on his asking the father's names) as follows; one said her child was John's son, another that her's was Tom's son, and a third that her's was Dick's son, &c. &c. and thence, said *More*, these names all originated.—When *Thompson* insisted that *More* was derived from the same source, and in a more disgraceful manner; for that after the parson thought he had done, one of the company said there was one child more; but no one being able to say whose son he was, the parson named him *More*.

SINGULARITIES.

It is related of *Demophon*, who was gentleman-sewer to Alexander the great, that he was always cold when he stood in the sun, but very hot when he stood in the shade. *Althenagorus* felt no pain from the bite of a scorpion. The *Pailli*; a people in Lybia, if they are stung by serpents or asps, receive no hurt at all; but on the contrary, their bodies are venom to these reptiles. The *Ethiopians*, who inhabit near the river Hydaspis, eat serpents and scorpions without injury or danger. *Lothericus*, of Chy-surgion, at the smell of a sturgeon, would be for the time mad. *Andron*, of Argos, was so little thirsty, that he travelled tho' the hot and dry country of Lybia without drink. And *Tiberius Caesar*, it is said, could see very well in the dark.

ANECDOTE.

Some years ago a fellow was sentenced to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone the punishment before, which threw the hangman into a passion. "What the deuce!" said the convict, coolly, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

WE have no latter accounts from Europe than was received last week by the Robert Burns from Liverpool, of which we gave the most material.

By despatches from Lord Wellington it appears that the strong fortress of Zaragoza, with its garrison, 47 pieces of cannon, and a vast quantity of ammunition, arms and clothing, had surrendered to the allies on the 30th of July.

A late London paper says, "We are glad to be able to announce that gen. Moreau has accepted a command in the Russian and Prussian armies. We believe he will serve with that part of the allied force under the command of the Crown Prince of Sweden. He is arrived at Head Quarters."

A subscription was lately opened at the City of London Tavern for the relief of those inhabitants of the British North American colonies who have been involved in distress by the invasion of them by the North American army, and on the 27th of July upwards of Forty thousand dollars had been subscribed.

OPERATIONS IN THE WEST.

Last week we mentioned that an engagement had taken place on Lake Ontario; the particulars of which taken from the Albany Argus, are as follow:

Commodore Chauncey's squadron left Fort George on the 28th of September. The next day discovered the enemy and gave chase.—The Pike, being considerably ahead of the rest of the squadron, commenced action at half gun shot, with the whole British squadron, which continued for two hours.—A schooner struck, but afterwards escaped.—At 4 o'clock, the enemy had succeeded in getting under the guns of Burlington heights; and the wind blowing ahead, and Com. Chauncey being fearful of grounding, gave up the pursuit, and returned to Fort George, where he arrived on the 1st inst. The Pike had 1 killed and 4 wounded by the enemy's shot, and 3 killed and 19 wounded by the bursting of a 24 pr. The Wolf lost her main and mizen top masts, and the Royal George her fore top mast.—On the 2d inst. the squadron again sailed; and on the 5th the Pike and Sylph, being ahead, fell in with five

schooners, a sloop and gunboat of the enemy; took the schrs. the sloop was destroyed by the crew, and the gunboat run ashore. One of the schooners carries two guns; the others, one each. Maj. Grant, with 259 men of De Rottenburgh's regiment, were taken; with 48 other prisoners.—The squadron, with the 5 prize schooners, arrived at Sackett's Harbor, on the 5th instant, with, it is said, Gen. Wilkinson, and a large force of infantry in 300 boats, from Fort George, and it is said since, has proceeded down the river St. Lawrence, perhaps to Ogdensburg; where, it has been said, gen. Hampton has, or will join him.

Commodore Yoe with his fleet, it is said, has arrived at Kingston.

The taking of the whole British naval force on lake Erie, led, as was expected, to the speedy CAPTURE OF MALDEN, which is announced in the following letter from Gen. Harrison to the War Department:—

Head-Quarters, Amherstburg, Sept. 23, 1813.

Sir: I have the honour to inform you that I landed the Army under my command about three miles below this place at three o'clock this evening, without opposition, and took possession of the town in an hour after. General Proctor has retreated to Sandwich with his regular troops and Indians, having previously burned the Fort, Navy-Yard, Barracks and public Store-Houses; the two latter were very extensive, covering several acres of ground. I will pursue the enemy to-morrow, although there is no probability of overtaking him, as he has upwards of one thousand horses, and we have not one in the Army. I shall think myself fortunate to be able to collect a sufficiency to mount the General Officers. It is supposed here that General Proctor intends to establish himself upon the River French, 40 miles from Malden.

I have the honour to be, &c.

WM. H. HARRISON.

Owing to the interdiction of our southern coasting trade, Rice now retails at a shilling per pound, and a cargo of Virginia coal, it is said was sold at auction on Thursday, for 42 dollars 50 cents per chaldron.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Berrian, Dr. Peter Felix Champy, of Charleston, to Miss Sarah Cooper, daughter of Samuel Cooper, esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Burk, Mr. John Waggoner, of Patchog, (L. I.) to Miss Margaret Thomas, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Joshua H. Merrit, merchant, to Miss Ann Eagle, daughter of Mr. Henry Eagle, merchant.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Wm. H. Richardson, of Baltimore, to Mrs. Jane Duncan, of this city.

At Rural Retreat, on the Banks of the Raritan, near Sommerville, on the evening of the 29th September, by the rev. Mr. Vredenburg, Mr. Jacob Van Doren, to Miss Petronella Veghte, daughter of Ryneir Veghte, esq. of that place.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mr. Richard N. Rosekrans, aged 29.
Mrs. Elizabeth Ryker, aged 57, wife of Mr. Abraham Ryker.

In this city, Mr. John Woods, printer.
Mrs. Euphemia Burjeau, wife of Mr. Joseph Burjeau.

At Hurl-Gate, Mr. David Waldron, aged 78.
At Kingston, in this state, Mr. John A. Robertson, aged 39.

At the seat of John R. Livingston, esq. Miss Julia Eliza Montgomery Livingston, daughter of Edward Livingston, esq. of New-Orleans, aged 19.

At Selcertown, (Miss. Ter.) Col. Abraham Morehouse, a wealthy land holder, a native of New-York.

The City-Inspector reports the death of 48 persons during the week ending the 9th instant.

Seat of the Muses.

Communicated for the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE SNOW-KING!

WRITTEN BY THE YEAR 1812!

THE Queen of the Spring call'd her Courtiers around,
There were thousands who grac'd the gay meeting;
Nature sent all her Lovers at the morn salute's sound,
All the Season's bright Beauties were there to be found,
And the Nymphs of Aurora sent greeting—

There was March with his blustering cheek and
strain'd eye,
But his strength and his potency vanish'd—

There was April just yielding her reign with a sigh,
A tear was seen falling, but May wip'd it dry,
And thus warring and weeping were banish'd—

The Queen mounted her throne in her beauty array'd,
Her crown was of coral and blue;
A garland, of myrtle and jessamine made,
Intervoven with roses encompass'd her head
And her jewels were young drops of dew—

Her sceptre was hewn from the brown Lilac tree,
And the evergreen twin'd it around—
Her robe was the changeable green of the sea,
Her mantle was deck'd with the wings of the bee,
And her tresses in violets bound—

Her throne was a mound rais'd by magic on high
And supported by Nymphs of the air—
Its canopy hung from the beams of the sky,
The Lark was her watchman, her herald, the Fly,
And the Nightingale carol'd it there—

"Ye Naiads, ye Graces, ye Nymphs of the Spring,"
(And the lovely Queen rose as she spoke)
"Glad tidings to all my true Subjects I bring,
"Let the news with the speed of the morning take
wing;

"We are freed from old Winter's dread yoke—
"No more shall the white Monarch hold us confin'd,
"He is conquer'd and once more we're free—
"The Prince of the Summer our Ally we bind
"And the Regent of Autumn but follows behind
"To execute our great decree—

"Need, I tell you again, 'tis your Queen's natal day,
"The birth-day of the Queen of the Spring?
"Then join in glad chorus and carol away,
"Let merriment hail the first dawning of May,
"And your tributes and homages bring."

Loud shouts of applause from each other they caught,
And their off'rings prepar'd for their Queen;
Some regal'd her with odours and some spices brought,
Each, that hers be the first gift acceptable, sought,
And all that their love should be seen—

But a gust from the north interrupts their gay sport,
As if Boreas had burst all his chains!
A gigantic form comes with martial escort,
He approaches with swiftness and quicker than thought
He alights on the Fairy-Queen's plains.

His eyes were two snow-balls set firm in a storm,
His nose was a mountain of ice;
His mouth was a chasm such as splitting rocks form,
When each sever'd from each by some magical charm,
Asunder they yawn in a trice—

His armour was made of a huge drift of Snow;
And his shield was a frozen up Lake,
His arms, as they heedlessly swung to and fro,
Seem'd as sturdy as Teneriffe's Peak split in two
And hung on a mountain of flake!

The tremendous force of his breath should you try,
"Twould prove more destructive than fire—
The sceptre he sturdily brandish'd on high,
Was an icicle, torn from the eaves of the sky,
Twice as big as a meeting house spire!

His crown was bedeck'd with rare jewels of frost,
Inlaid with chill'd columns of flame—
His rackets * were made at astonishing cost
From two sides of the Alps, which since these they
lost,

With Snow have kept cover'd thro' shame!—
His voice was as strong as a northerly gale,
When the bellows are all put in play!
His countenance, thoroughly frigid and pale,
Was full ten times the size of a merchantman's sail,
When seen in the sun at noon day—

* Snow shoes.

The Spring-Queen and Nymphs were astonish'd with
dread

And in fear would have fled from his view—
"The Snow-King!" they exclaim'd we had long hop'd
him dead,

"But he comes on the spoils of the Spring to be fed,"—
And nearer the monster then drew—

"Fear me not" he exclaim'd (but in terrible tone)
"I come with no evil intent;

"Fair Queen, we'll hereafter continue but one,
"Nor winter nor spring shall again come alone,
"But each to the other be lent"—

"Away hated Tyrant" the Spring Queen, repli'd,
Nor insult me thus boldly again—

"Your profers of love, as yourself, I deride,
"For still the due seasons our reigns shall divide—
"Then quit, on the instant my plain."

"Servants, subjects," the Snow King exclaim'd in a
rage,

"This bold daring you hear and remember;
"Now and henceforth a war most relentless I wage;
"And the plains of this Queen shall still age after age,
"Be harass'd by the storms of November."

Saying thus, he came forward and seizing the Queen,
Bore her far o'er the wide fields of ether;
Since which time in her season she ne'er has been seen
Save under the pow'r of this Monarch of spleen,
This Snow King, who always comes with her!

SENTIMENTAL BALLAD

BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

When I told you your cheeks were the blush of the rose
That the spring was the type of your youth,
That no lily a tint like your neck could disclose,
I made love in the language of truth.

Yet the loveliest rose, once the summer away,
Of its bloom leaves no vestige behind:
But your bloom, when the summer of life shall decay,
Fresh as ever shall glow in your mind.

See the Bee, as from flower to flower he roves,
The sports of the garden explore,
And, in winter, to feast on the banquet he loves,
Lays in his industrious store:

So all your employment, thro' life's busy day
Is the sweets drawn from goodness to find,
Reason's feast to supply, and cheat winter away,
From that source of perfection your mind.

And thus, as the seasons of life pass away,
We enjoy every various scene;
The spring all expanding, the summer all gay,
The autumn all mild and serene:

You are yet in your summer—but, when on your head,
While from all admiration you find,
Silver winter its honors shall sacredly shed—
Still summer shall bloom in your mind.

Morality.

ON THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

ONE of the most egregious follies of the
present age, is that affected politeness by which
coxcombs cherish the ridiculous assumption
of equality in the other sex. Alas! ye lovely
young women! your obsequious and enlighten-
ed beaux, who would raise you to a phantastic
pre-eminence, by the depreciation of man, aim
only at your destruction. They first, through
the medium of flattery, insinuate themselves
into your favour; they extol the superior
beauties, finer sensibilities, and nobler virtues
of women; they expatiate on the happiness
arising from an unlimited freedom of thought
and action; and while they assert the equality,
they effect the seduction of the credulous fair.
They hold the Circean cup of philosophic so-
phistry to your lips; you drink and giving a
loose to your passions, indulge in sensuality,
till, when too late, you find that your momen-
tary elevation was like being placed on a pin-
nacle, whence you are precipitated headlong
into the abyss of misery.

Ye amiable maidens, the ornament and glory
of society, beware of the insidious suggestions
of delusive fancy! Now, while your hearts
bound with gaiety, and your beauties illumine
the social circles, reflect, that on your virtue
depends the happiness of the community.
Remember that the duties of woman are com-
prised in her tenderness to her relatives, as a
daughter, a wife, and a mother. Reflect, that
the influence of a virtuous woman is absolute
over the mind of man, and that her endearing
manners, her modest smiles, are irresistibly
eloquent; that to arrogate an equality with the
other sex, will render you ridiculous and un-
amiable; and that due respect for yourselves,
sanctioned by the unaffected dignity of female
chastity, will command the esteem, and ensure
the admiration, of mankind.

Anecdotes.

THE RED KNOT.

An ancient widow of distinction, wishing to
put the auburn gloss of sixteen on hair that
had passed as many years above sixty, lately
made use of an "infallible composition," for
that purpose: when in two or three trials, her
woolly ringlets underwent a wonderful change
—they became a beautiful scarlet, having the
appearance of a knot of dyed cotton; and she
was under the necessity of applying the cruel
razor to her glowing pate, and exchanging a
natural for an artificial wig.

AN ALLAGORICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

A gentleman wants a companion down into
Matrimony: he proposes setting out with all
expedition: he intends going part of the com-
mon turnpike, or interest road, and striking out
into the forest of love about half way. His
fellow-traveller must be healthy, not too fat for
the journey, and, for the sake of conversation,
the chatty the better, &c. &c.

A SUBSTITUTE WANTED.

A felon on his way to execution, called out
to some soldiers, as he passed, to know if they
were not militia-men, and some of them sub-
stitutes. Being answered in the affirmative,
he drolly asked if either of them would become
a substitute for him, as he did not like so much
parade and nonsense, and wished to go another
way.

CLERICAL SARCASM.

In some parish churches it was formerly
the custom to separate the men from the wo-
men. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud
talking, stopped short, when a woman, eager
for the honour of the sex, arose and said,
"Your reverence, the noise is not among us."
—"So much the better," answered the priest,
"it will be over the sooner."

A notorious thief lately accounted for his
being found in a Merchant's Warehouse, by
saying, he only went to get bale.

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